

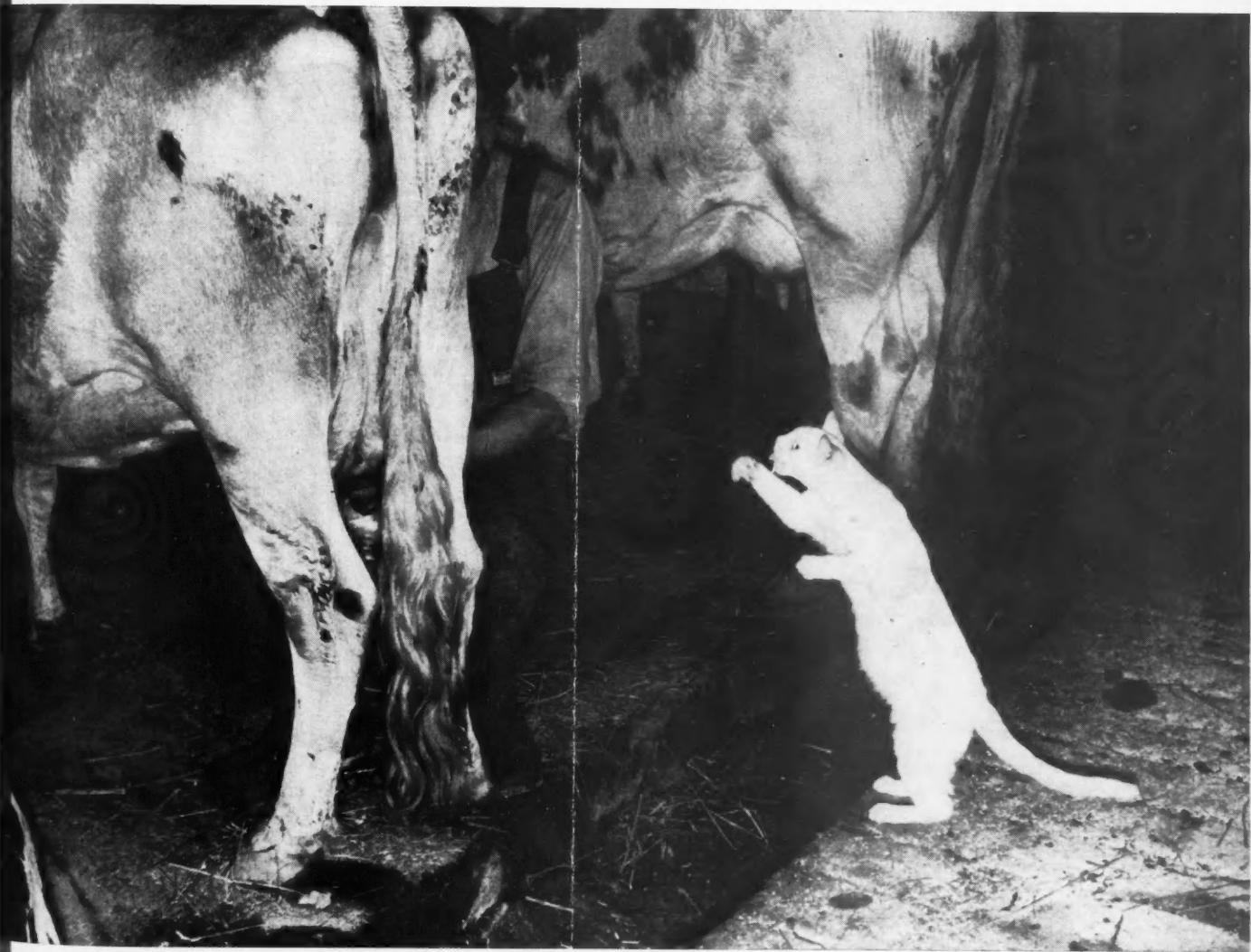
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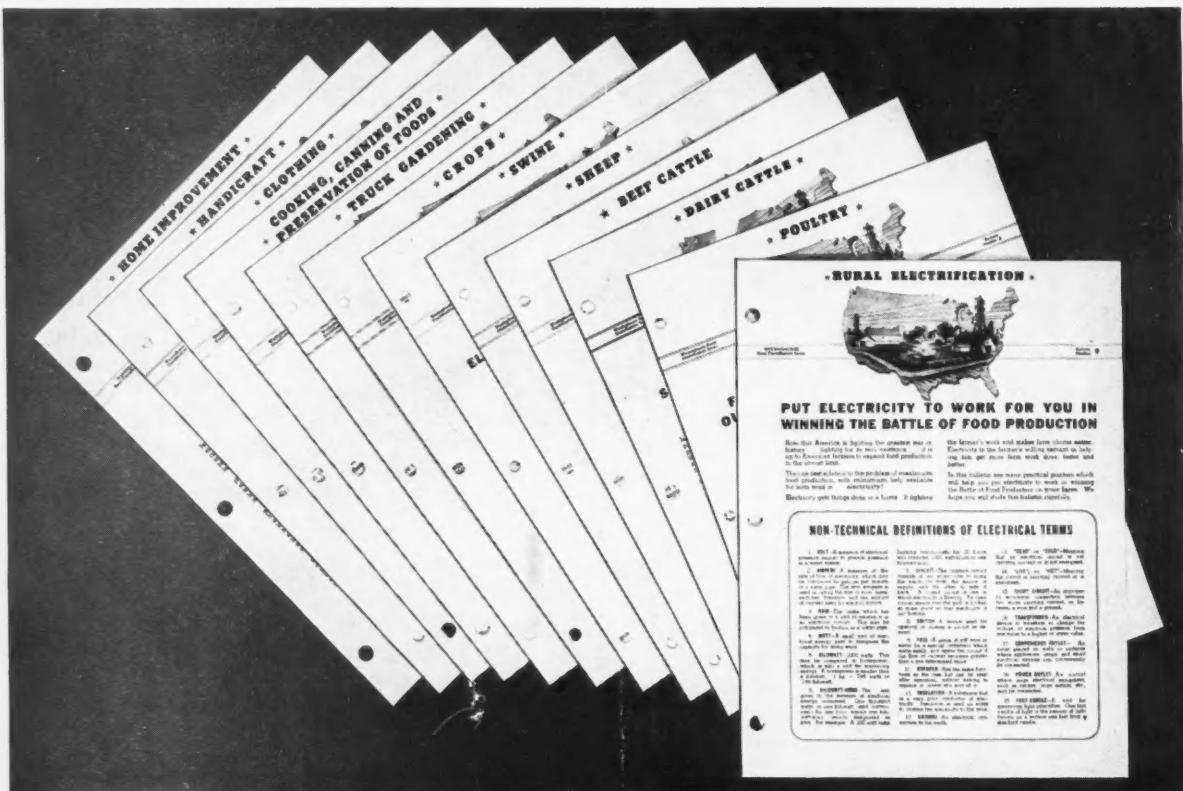
February, 1943

Number 5

The Cornell Countryman



Farm and Home Week



12 free Farm Bulletins to help solve the food shortage problem

FOOD SHORTAGES are becoming more serious every day . . . due to increased demand and reduced farm-labor supply.

This is a problem all agricultural engineering students must face in the future. To help you solve it, Westinghouse has prepared 12 *free* Farm Bulletins, describing in detail the many applications of electricity that speed food production on the farm.

These Bulletins are attractively printed in color and profusely illustrated.

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1 BEEF CATTLE . . . How the proper use of electricity will help you increase beef production to meet the needs of a fighting America.

2 COOKING, CANNING, and Preservation of Foods . . . How to use electricity in the

farm kitchen. Hints on better canning methods, dehydration, "vitamized" cooking . . . time tables for processing foods and vegetables.

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9 RURAL ELECTRIFICATION . . . How to rewire farm homes and barns . . . better lighting for better seeing . . . care of electric motors . . . portable motors . . . care of household electrical appliances.

10 SHEEP . . . How electricity increases lamb, mutton, and wool production . . . electric lamb brooders . . . electric shearing . . . electric fence.

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These 12 *free* Farm Bulletins give valuable information regarding the many ways in which electricity can be used to fill the gap in food production, caused by lack of man power on the farm. The Bulletins cover practically every type of farm activity in which electricity plays an important part.

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IN COLLEGETOWN



As We Were

A FOND FAREWELL

This is our fourth year of Farm and Home Week, and this year we're really going to get around and see all the exhibits. Every year we've marked in the catalogue all the lectures we weren't going to miss, and somehow we've always ended up handing out buttons and registering F & H Week visitors, writing news items, or going skiing. We never did know why all the good snow of the winter comes that week. Well, this year, we refused all allurements and blandishments to serve on committees, and hid our skis, and tore up the typewriter ribbon, and what happens? What happens?

Farm and Home Week gets cut to three days and we have only three days to see all the sights, and hear all the speeches. That will be us standing in line in front of you all week. This is our last chance as an undergraduate. And the next F & H Week may find us far away.

ODE TO EZRA

As necessity is the mother of invention; thinking is the mother of opinion. If Ezra Cornell had not thought he would have had no impression of what a great university should be, nor would he have decided that there should be one. However, he did think, and the result has been the founding of an institution where any person can find instruction in any study.

For those who intend to specialize, there is instruction to the minutest detail of whatever they wish to study. And for those who wish to know life in many of its manifestations, according to their own discretion, there is the opportunity to sample these forms as rapidly and thoroughly as they wish. Not all of these samples are good, as indeed, not everything about Cornell is good. However, this adds to the variety of pictures which we encounter as we walk through the gallery of life at Cornell.

Those of us whose participation in living is packed with gusto for broad lives, find ourselves in the right place. We can play, talk with persons from other lands, study science, work for our food, or experience any other bit of the outside world; the realization of Ezra Cornell's dream. At Cornell people may satisfy their interests no matter how diversified.

COVER

This month's cover might well be called, "From Producer to Consumer." It has also been suggested that we call it everything from "Gasless Transportation," to "The Spitting Feline." At any rate, we believe it to be the first photograph of one hundred percent efficient milk marketing, with the exception of that wasted drop falling from the cat's chin.

This and other cats on the farm of Mr. A. O. Trask of Hancock, New York, have become well known for their kangaroo tactics and diplomatic methods of approaching milkers for hand-outs.

Incidentally, one of the Ayrshire heifers in this herd recently gave birth to twins, giving her credit for having produced three calves in less than a year, a good record for any cow.

Additional prints of cover may be had upon request for a charge of \$.10 to cover cost of mailing.

FROM OUR READERS:

To all Countryman Board members, particularly the business board:

Last year when all I had to do was come up to the office and take away twenty copies of the current issue and give them away to all my friends and relatives, I never realized the pain and struggle you go through mailing the issue. For since I have departed from our fair Cornell and am working in New York city, I have received just one issue of the Countryman. Can it be that you don't have my address? Perhaps I am not on your circulation list? Perhaps you don't think I'd be interested in reading the magazine any more? What have I done, O mighty circulation manager, to have my name erased from thy rolls?

MARGARET M. LUCHA
a former editor and a very interested reader.

Are you getting your Countryman? You may not have the reasons our former editor had for not getting it. Has your subscription expired, or your address changed? Let us know if you aren't getting your copy of the Countryman, because we know you don't want to miss it these months.

Knowledge is Power Farm Power is War Power Farming, with Knowledge **WILL WIN**

THE PLANS to produce a vast quantity of the foods needed for Victory must be backed by labor, knowledge, and skill.

Extra work must be done, though there are fewer hands for the work; new knowledge must be gained as to improved ways to insure results and new skills, gained from experience on the Cornell University farms or on the acres tilled by individual farmers, must be put into practice.

Results of these combined efforts have been recorded in many reports and bulletins.

Ordinarily, the New York State College of Agriculture and the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station together publish, on an average, two bulletins every week. This year, with the added brief publications of the War Emergency Bulletin series, the average number of publications printed is more than three each week.

Since a bulletin in the hands of a reader is worth two-dozen on the shelves of the College's mailing room, every possible effort is made to see that the bulletins shall go to persons who may put them to good use.

Your local newspaper and your nearest radio station tell, from time to time, of individual new bulletins. If you wish to learn about all the bulletins currently available, send a post card addressed to the

**Office of Publication
Roberts Hall, Cornell University
Ithaca, New York**

and ask for

E 47

The symbol (E47) stands for the "List of Publications" of the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station and the New York State Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics. This list catalogs about 550 different bulletins, any of which will be sent free on request to residents of New York State.

When you receive E47, don't hesitate to ask for the publication that may help you.

The Cornell Countryman

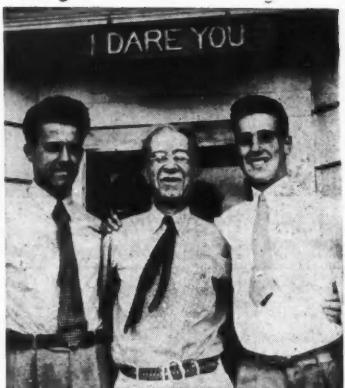
A Journal of Country Life-Plant, Animal, Human

Volume XL

Ithaca, New York, February, 1943

Number 5

Glorious Adventure



Don Watson Carl Almquist
Mr. Danforth

WHEN I was told that the Danforth Fellowship was the greatest thing that ever happened to me, I shrugged dubiously and wondered. But this past summer all of my dreams came true on the same adventure.

Each year juniors are selected from thirty-seven state agricultural colleges in the United States and the Ontario Agricultural College in Canada to represent their colleges on the Danforth Fellowship. The fellowship is set up by Mr. William H. Danforth, chairman of the board of the Ralston Purina Co., to "help students make decisions, broaden their horizons, increase their contacts and to guide and assist them in attaining the four-fold way of living." It entails two weeks at the Ralston Purina Mills, Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Missouri and two weeks at the American Youth Foundation camp at Camp Miniwanca on Lake Michigan. The students are selected by the faculty and administration on the basis of four fold living; personality, health, scholarship, and character, plus college activities.

On August 1, I boarded the train and was off! Crossed Ohio, Indi-

ana, Illinois, and then the muddy Mississippi. St. Louis was so hot I may as well have been in Death Valley or some similar place. I soon traveled the complicated trolley-car system of St. Louis and arrived at the dorms where we stayed. Here I cooled off and met the thirty-four men from all over the country and from Canada, certainly one of the finest groups I have ever been with.

We soon became acquainted and shipped off to the Ralston Purina Experimental farm where we spent three days viewing the experimental management, sanitary, and breeding practices. Then back to the city again and a good education in the operation of a modern big business concern. We had classes and lectures in all phases of their business and we took long trips through their laboratories, offices, and mills.

But not all our time was spent at the Checkerboard Square for we visited the Zoo, a big newspaper concern, the historic courthouse where the Dred Scott case was decided, and Shaw's Botanical Gardens, second only to the Kew Gardens in England. For recreation, we saw the World Champion Cardinals shut out Cincinnati behind Mort Cooper's pitching, and went to the magnificent Municipal Opera, a huge outdoor theater seating about ten thousand people, where we saw an excellent performance of "Roberta."

OUR special pride was the soft-ball team that was barely nosed out by the powerful Purina team. It was something to see Illinois pitch to Virginia, double plays made from Louisiana to Colorado, and have Florida, Montana, Pennsylvania, Indiana and New York run for a ball hit to left field or right field. Sound confusing? It was to us, too.

All too quickly we found our-

selves aboard the Wabash headed to Chicago, Milwaukee, then via the Milwaukee-Muskegon Clipper across Lake Michigan to Camp Miniwanca. This was as near perfect as one could wish, for top students from all over the country, excellent educators, ideals, a philosophy, and a purpose. Camp Miniwanca will always remain with us in spirit, for it was there that we evolved a new kind of life.

It was a challenging two weeks. The camp, run by the American Youth Foundation, has its program built around four fold living, embracing the physical, mental, social, and religious sides of life. The four hundred young men from all over the United States, Canada, and China were subjected to two of the most enlightening and exciting weeks of their lives.

Here was our schedule! Rise at 6:30 A. M. and a dip into the lake, dress and clean up the tents, then a fifteen minute morning devotional quiet period before breakfast. After breakfast, class periods until two with an hour off for lunch. Tribal games until four, then a free recreational period until dinner at 5:30.

Camp Miniwanca left its mark on all of us. It made tangible to the four hundred students some of the intangibles that all of us may have grasped for at one time or another, but never seemed to reach. We learned that we were masters of our fate, if we were willing to pay the price of effort to get there. I can still see Dr. Hutchins, the father of the president of Chicago University, standing on Vesper Dune with his white hair, saying "I'll never give up . . ." Nor will I forget Dr. Lowe as he told us we must "keep alive the dreams of the older generation, also our own." So we left Camp Miniwanca, with Mr. Danforth's challenges ringing in our ears. Stand Tall! Think Tall! Smile Tall! Live Tall!

Campus Countryman

The General Livestock Judging Team

In animal husbandry last spring a group of seventeen boys were assembled for the last meeting of the class. Prof. J. I. Miller asked each the question, "Are you going to try out for the judging team next fall?" and of the seventeen present only four or five could be certain of coming back. Prospects for a team were not so good.

The day after registration in the fall ten boys were ready and eager for work. There would be a judging team, after all, and if these boys had their way about it, it would be a good team at that. For two weeks they spent nearly every waking hour thinking, discussing, arguing, and observing livestock. These boys had to be at their best all the time for the top five men were to be selected for the team and there was only one contest this year.

The only contest of the year in which the Cornell team participated was held at Baltimore, November 12, 1942. There were six teams competing and our boys were third. Their prime joy was that they beat Penn State. That alone was worth all the work they had put in.

WILLIAM S. PENDERGAST

With a name like Pendergast, "Irishman Bill" couldn't help making the team. It's partly family tradition, too, because brother Joe was a team member a few years ago.

"Bill" is the mule—and Holstein—on this year's team. On home farm in Phoenix near Syracuse, he used to drive mules and milk Holsteins. As a freshman in the two-year course he gave a speech about mules in Extension Teaching class that still rings in the memory of some of the members of that class. He could speak from experience for he spent four years on the home farm sandwiched between high school graduation and college entrance.

"Bill" is training to become a county agent and he got his start at it this summer as an assistant in St. Lawrence County. Farmers up there won't have much trouble recalling "Bill's" ability because he did everything from chicken culling and sheep dipping to soil testing and managing the horse show at the county fair. Bill is older than most of the college students who had such jobs this summer and he has a neat way of winning con-



George Blackburn Prof. Miller Lewellyn Mix
Erton Sipher Moncure Way Bill Pendergast Harris Wilcox

fidence and respect from the men with whom he is working. He'll be a worthy addition to the Farm Bureau staff of any New York county.

GEORGE BLACKBURN

George comes from a fruit farm in Orleans County. After having worked with fruit all his life he thought he'd seen enough of it so he has majored in livestock since becoming a Cornellian. George is one of those rare men who can get good grades and still not study very hard.

In any group of boys the topic of conversation will inevitably turn to girls. Whenever that happened in this group George was in the middle of the discussion or was the butt of every boy-meets-girl joke they could think of.

After the first term is over George is going to wander around the campus a few days, attend some of those Farm and Home week lectures he never could get to in other years and then return to the farm in Medina. A herd of black and white-belted Hampshire hogs are his main ambition. He'll do well with them because as a member of the Judging team he's shown that he knows a good one when he sees it.

HARRIS WILCOX

Top man of the judging team and Chancellor of Alpha Zeta are both the same man, Harris Wilcox.

Harris comes from Bergen, N. Y., and began taking agricultural honors in high school. He was outstanding in 4-H work and F.F.A. and has continued his outstanding

work here.

Harris is another Angus beef cattle man. Since coming to Cornell he has built up a herd of his own and he knows his Angus like Sipher knows his Ayrshires. Alpha Zeta has heard some weighty arguments about the relative merits of these two types and breeds of cattle for they have been discussed at numerous dinner occasions.

Harris is getting prepared for his future. What will it be? Well, either graduate study or the life of a beef cattle man. He's already well started on both since he has his cattle at home and he assists the graduate staff of the Animal Husbandry Department in some production courses.

LEWELLYN MIX

Lewellyn Mix has the distinction of being the only junior on this year's team. He had quite a bit of judging experience before he came to Cornell, by working under Joe King in St. Lawrence County 4-H Club work.

Since coming to Cornell he has done a right good job. As a freshman he won the students' livestock judging contest and now has his name engraved on the silver plaque that hangs in Wing Hall. He's Master of the Cornell Grange and a member of Alpha Zeta fraternity.

Lew is spending his time now between work around the dairy barns and ROTC drill. If you hear someone shouting field artillery firing instructions up there around the barns or Wing Hall, it's probably Lew Mix getting ready to go to work for Uncle Sam.

Campus Countryman

ERTON SIPHER

Erton is the other St. Lawrence County boy to make the team. The boundaries of his life are the love of St. Lawrence county on one side, Ayrshire cattle on another, Alpha Zeta and Round-Up Club on the third, and maybe-you-can-guess-who on the last and best. He began his livestock study a long while ago, on the county 4-H team. He went with the county team and competed in the Chicago contest. Erton was alternate on the Cornell team which competed at Baltimore and he wouldn't trade his experience in livestock judging for anybody's fortune.

There's a farm near Gouverneur, Greenbrier Farm, that's waiting for Erton to come back. When he finishes in January he's heading for the hills of home. He has made a hobby of Ayrshire cattle and knows the breed and its champions. He knows what the breed has done; he's going home to do even better.

MONCURE WAY

Up from Dutchess County and a lifetime on a beef cattle farm came "Monty" Way. He was leading Angus cattle to championships there when he was just a youngster. To show that he could still pick the good ones, even after having been away from home for a few years, Monty won top honors at the contest held at Briarcliff Farms last spring.

He has seen some good dairy cattle too. This past summer he worked for Foremost Guernsey Association where some of the best Guernsey's in the country are found.

It's the Angus that still catch his eye, though, so this boy from Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity is going back home, if Uncle Sam doesn't have other plans for him.

Cornell Family Guests At Founders Day Reception

Six members of the Cornell family were guests of honor at the Founder's Day reception on Sunday, January 10, at Willard Straight Hall. Of the six, only one is an undergraduate. The guests of honor were Miss Mary E. Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Cornell, Mrs. Franklin C. Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin C. Cornell III, Mrs. Margaret LePrestre, and Miss Helen Louise Goodspeed, '45. The reception marked the 136th anniversary of Ezra Cornell's birth.



BERNARD POTTER

Here's the little man with the big activities list. "Bernie" is versatile; he can milk cows and play hero on stage, one as easily as the other.

In his home town of Truxton, Bernie did 4-H work for twelve years, continuing it even after he came to college. Ayrshire cattle were his first pride, for he liked their pretty colors. He showed his first one to a championship at the Cortland fair. Compared with his Dad's Holsteins, Bernie's Ayrshires didn't produce so well so he sold them. He worked with poultry, too, and competed on the Cortland County dairy cattle judging team for five years at the state fair.

Bernie played a saxophone in the Big Red band for a few years, has been a member of the Round-Up Club for four years, has been a member of the Dramatic Club, University 4-H Club, Sage chapel associates, and Sage usher for 3 years, Alpha Gamma Rho, Freshman Advisory Committee, secretary of Ho-nun-de-kah, livestock judging team and this year is including Rice Debate in his work.

When asked why he took on so many outside activities Bernie replied:

"After you've graduated and left college life, it's the things you've done outside of class that you remember most."

He has some rich memories of his college days. His greatest joy was the part of the hero in the Dramatic Club's play "No Mother To Guide Her." "I worked at

Farm-Home Weeks of Past

1908—Thirty-five Years Ago—The first Farmers' week to be held at Cornell drew a crowd of over seven hundred. The idea of a week when the college would entertain the public was borrowed from western colleges where the custom was already established. The poultry show was the most important feature of this first week. The annual parade of livestock down Tower Road was a custom for many years.

1918—Twenty-five years ago—The program this year was colored by thought of war. Progressive farmers, faced with a shortage of farm labor, crowded tractor lectures and demonstrations. University President, Jacob Gould Shurman, spoke on "The Food Crisis and the Farmer." The Home Economics college featured menus which were wheat and sugar savers. Herbert Hoover's price fixing was a favorite topic for conversation. Kermis presented a play, "They Who Till," written by a former student, Russell Lord '17, while he was in training camp.

1928—Fifteen years ago—The twenty-first Farm and Home Week brought a crowd of 5000 people. The highlight of the week was Professor G. F. Warren's lecture on "The Cause and Probable Duration of the Present Depression." Visitors heard the first Farm Life Challenge contest.

1933—Ten years ago—The Farm Management and Home Economics buildings were both used for the first time by Farm and Home Week audiences. One of the big attractions of the week was the co-ed milking championship directed by Viola Henry '35 who was then national champion milkmaid.

small parts for three years, always hoping I could have just one good part before I finished. I finally got it and it was worth working and waiting for," said he.

Graduation comes in January for Bernie and on February 6, 1943 he goes back to the farm. His father has 450 acres tillable land and 150 Holsteins so there's plenty to do. When the name "Potter's Holsteins" becomes as famous as Campbell's soups and Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer then you'll know that Bernie is still at work.

The War-Time Play in Rural New York State

SINCE the beginning of the war it has not been so easy for farm folk to produce the plays which were once a valuable and real part of community life. In place of the play rehearsal folk have had to attend the first aid class, the Red Cross sewing club, the air-raid warden school, or the valuable meeting which might help to produce or save more food.

It is fairly easy to perceive some of the factors which have virtually stopped community dramatics, but it is not so easy to say that there is no longer a need for plays and the entertainment they afford. The United States Army ranks dramatics next to athletics as a device for building soldier morale, and it might be argued that, were it now possible to have country life plays, they might fulfill a vital morale need in the rural community.

The United States Army has recently sent out an urgent appeal for specialized plays and skits written for soldiers, about soldiers, and so simply written that no particular rehearsal time is required. In view of this Army request, it would seem that, could a similar need for plays be fulfilled for the farm workers, rural dramatics might continue to function.

Simple plays for farm folk in wartime should have a few definite specifications. They should be short; they should have a majority of female characters; the plays should be written so that they may be played anywhere; in the end of a hall, at a club meeting, in a living room . . . and without much of anything in the way of scenery or properties. The rural war-time plays should be amusing—and possibly with subject and theme pertinent to the war emergency and life.

As a first step toward creating a few rural life plays for war-time New York State, *The Cornell Countryman* offers *The Hired Man* by Marjorie R. Heit. *The Hired Man* has the simple plot and construction desirable in a *usable* now rural play, and deals in a comic fashion with a most vital subject: the shortage of farm labor.

It is hoped that seeing this play in print will inspire other writers to specialize their writing to a definite need, and help make a few good rural war-time plays for New York State.

The Hired Man

By Marjorie R. Heit

Time: The present.

Scene: Atwell's store—a country store in a small town. There is a counter at the right of the stage. At left a table and three chairs. Entrances are from the left.

Characters:

Mrs. Dorothy Atwell, the store-keeper's wife, a middle-aged woman with a domineering air. Mrs. Lil Rogers, a farmer's wife, also middle-aged and rather stout.

Mrs. Mary Smith, a farmer's wife about fifty, a little inclined to usually do the wrong thing.

Mrs. Martha Howell, a farmer's wife, who affects superiority to her neighbors.

Granma Winters, a spry old lady of seventy.

Sally Scott, a farmer's daughter, a young girl.

Jim Sheppard, a meek-looking man, dressed tramp-fashion.

Bill Bogert, a contractor, bluff hearty sort.

(As the curtain rises, Mrs. Atwell is behind the counter, waiting on Mrs. Rogers.)

Mrs. Rogers: And I'll take two pounds of sugar. I tell you, Dorothy, I can't stand working that farm with no help but the children much longer. It's too much.

Mrs. Atwell: Yes, it is hard on you. How do you think I like running this store? Cal comes home at night too tired to do more'n add up the receipts on the cash register and count the money. (She puts the package on the counter, not within easy reach of Mrs. Rogers.)

Mrs. Rogers: (As she stretches across for the package and Mrs. Atwell pulls it back.) Well, I'll take my groceries and be going. Got to get that hay in.

Mrs. Atwell: You just told me that the hay was too wet to draw, and you don't get that sugar without the ration book.

Mrs. Rogers: I gave it to you last week.

Mrs. Atwell: You known darn well I have to have it every time.

Mrs. Rogers: (resignedly pulls card out of purse.) Here it is. I declare, Dorothy, you give us a lot of trouble.

Mrs. Atwell: Hmm, one pound of

sugar is all you get. (gives her smaller package).

Mrs. Rogers: Guess that's all I'll need anyhow. Henry's working so hard, he doesn't have time to eat.

Mrs. Atwell: It's the same way with Cal. Gone in the morning at six and gets home at night at seven. Then he eats and goes to sleep. Never has a day off.

Mrs. Rogers: Henry even has to give me his checks to put in the bank. First time I've ever had my hands on the money in this family. The pay is good, but it's hard on me and the children doing the farm work.

Permission to produce this play may be obtained by writing to *The Cornell Countryman*, Roberts Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

Additional copies of the play may be secured for fifteen cents each. We will be glad to answer any questions you may have concerning staging and production.

Mrs. Atwell: It's the same all over the county. (Mrs. Smith enters.) Isn't that so, Lil? You know any men staying home and working their farms?

Mrs. Smith: Not with the money they can earn working over at the munitions dump. Good morning, Lil. Good morning, Dorothy. How are you coming with the haying, Lil?

Mrs. Rogers: Well, we cut the nine acre lot just in time for it to be rained on, or I'd be out this morning in the field.

Mrs. Smith: Course with the wages the men get at the dump we really don't need to raise any crops.

Mrs. Rogers: I suppose not. But there's the hay to be cut. Worst of it is that we could pay three hired men and we can't find a half a one. I don't know what I'll do when the children go back to school.

Mrs. Smith: It's bad enough with just the chores and hay, but what about the threshing. I tell Bill he'll just have to take a week off.

Mrs. Rogers: If we only had a hired man. I wouldn't care how lazy or dumb he was, if he'd only get up and milk the cows.

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The Cornell Countryman

Mrs. Smith: I'd want one to feed the pigs. I can do the rest of the work, but I'm sick of yelling 'pig-pig-pig. (gives a good hogcall) And the kids can't do it.

Mrs. Rogers: Well, I don't know what we're going to do . . . (Jim, the tramp, enters.)

Mrs. Atwell: Excuse me, girls. I've got a customer.

Mrs. Smith: I've never worked so hard before in my life. And I don't even have time to do the housework, or call on my neighbors. (Seeing Jim) Who's that man? I've never seen him before.

Mrs. Rogers: He doesn't come from around here. He looks pretty ragged, too.

Mrs. Smith: Wonder why he isn't working? (The two look at each other during this last speech and a great inspiration is born.)

Mrs. Rogers: (slowly) I wonder why he isn't working? (They advance stealthily so that they are between the man and the door.)

Mrs. Howell comes in.)

Mrs. Howell: Good morning, girls. Why aren't you home working? All caught up with your haying?

Mrs. Rogers: You know very well we aren't. But it's wet this morning. Shhh.

Mrs. Smith: Yes, shhh, Marthy. You might scare him.

Mrs. Howell: Scare who?

Mrs. Rogers: (motioning Mrs. Smith to be quiet) Yes, scare who? I declare, Mary, you're awful queer this morning. Think you've been out in the sun too much? (Aside) Listen, do you want her to be after him too?

Mrs. Smith: Oh, no . . .

Mrs. Rogers: Well, you talk to Marthy while I talk to the man. (She advances to the attack.)

Mrs. Smith: Martha, I've been meaning to give you a setting of duck eggs for some time. Why don't you come out with me and get them?

Mrs. Howell: Why, ducks are all hatched out and half-feathered by now. What's wrong with you?

Mrs. Smith: (laughingly nervously) I meant to say I'd give you some ducks, some little, yellow ducks. Wouldn't that be nice? Come on now and get them?

Mrs. Howell: I've got to get my groceries. What is the matter with you, Mary? What's going on here? (She goes over to where Jim and Mrs. Atwell are standing and stands behind Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Smith hovers a little apart from them.)

Mrs. Atwell: And a box of crackers? Stranger in town, aren't you?

Jim: Just passing through, mam. Just passing through. On my way to greener pastures.

Mrs. Atwell: Never heard of a town by that name around here. Is it far away?

Jim: Well, that all depends. Say, I haven't seen any men around this town. What's happened to them?

Mrs. Atwell: You won't see any except between seven and night and six in the morning. They're all working at the munitions depot up the lake.

Jim: Do you ladies have to run the farms and this store all by yourselves? That's hard on you.

Mrs. Rogers: (seizing the psychological moment) It certainly is. What we need is a good man to help us. Where are you going?

Jim: Nowhere in particular. Anywhere there ain't any work to do.

Mrs. Rogers: Oh.

Jim: And some place where the food's good.

Mrs. Rogers: The food's good here. Of course you'd have to do some work . . .

Jim: Don't sound good to me. Work I don't like.

Mrs. Smith: The food is good here and there isn't much work . . .

Mrs. Rogers: My goodness, if we women can do it, there certainly isn't much work here for a man.

Mrs. Howell: Especially a big, strong man like you. You're just what I need to help with the haying.

Mrs. Smith: Martha, you keep out of this. We saw him first.

Mrs. Howell: I've got just as much right to try and get him as you have.

Mrs. Rogers: If you don't stop arguing he'll go away and none of us will get him.

Mrs. Smith: (turning toward the door) He won't get away.

Mrs. Howell: Poor Mary, she hasn't any tact.

Mrs. Rogers: Now, Mr. . er. Mr. .

Jim: Sheppard. But just call me Jim.

Mr. Rogers: Of course, Mr. . er . . Jim. Now I know you'd love to work at my farm. There's a big spare room you could have, and I'm a wonderful cook, if I do say so myself. And the work isn't hard at all. Of course there are fifteen cows to milk, but the boys would help you . . .

Mrs. Smith: Oh, there's too much work there for you, Jim. At my farm, for a couple of months, you won't have a thing to do, but eat my cooking. There'll be the apples to pick after that, and a little pruning and mulching and spray-

ing in the spring, but you won't mind that. And I make the best apple dumpling in the county, and we have feather quilts on all the beds . . .

Mrs. Howell: You can see there's lots of work on those farms, Jim. Now mine is quite different. There are only a few cows and chickens . .

Mrs. Rogers: Few chickens? Few thousand chickens, you mean! Why, the man would break his back carting feed for all those chickens and keeping the brooders going . . .

Mrs. Smith: To say nothing of gathering and washing the eggs. You stay away from her place, if you know what's good for you, Jim. (Granma Winters enters.)

Granma: Hey, what's going on here? Looks like a fight, hey?

Mrs. Atwell: They're all trying to get that old tramp for a hired man . . .

Granma: What's that? They're hiring him to go for a tramp? They ought to be ashamed of themselves, with their husbands away working all day.

Mrs. Atwell: (shocked) No, no, Granma. They want him to help them with their work, and they're each trying to get him to work on her farm.

Granma: Ho, ho, big, hefty woman like that need some one to help them! I'm seventy-three and I'm doing all our work, and Granpa's out earning a hundred and fifteen a week as a carpenter. And some of these fellows he has to show which end of the nail to hit with the hammer.

Mrs. Atwell: It's hard work for them doing all the farming.

Granma: It ain't too hard for me, and they're twenty or thirty years younger than me. Just the same, I bet I could get the feller away from them. I want a pound of sugar.

Mrs. Atwell: Where's your ration book?

Granma: You always remember to ask fer it, don't you? Well, here it is. Tell them girls for me that he don't look like he can do the work on more'n three or four places to onct. So long. See you next week.

(Exit.)

Mrs. Atwell: Granma Winters says she don't want any piece of your wonderful hired man. How are you getting along?

Mrs. Smith: He's coming to our place . . .

Mrs. Howell: He's coming out to mine . . .

Mrs. Rogers: He's coming to mine, aren't you?

(Continued on next page)

(*Jim is staggered by all this attention and looks hopelessly from one to the other, shaking his head.*)

Jim: Maybe I'm not coming to any of your places. Maybe I'd rather just keep on going. Maybe I don't like to work.

Mrs. Rogers: It's the duty of every able-bodied man to work. There can't anyone not work . . .

Mrs. Smith: My teacher's always used to say "He who does not work should not eat."

Jim: Maybe he who doesn't work doesn't need to eat. Ever think of that?

Mrs. Howell: Of course you have to work.

Jim: That's what my first wife thought. But I ran away from her. I ain't worked much in forty years.

Mrs. Smith: You've got to work.

Jim: My second wife used to get me jobs. After I had thirty of them in ten months she left me.

Mrs. Howell: We don't care about your past. We're willing to forgive and forget and I'll give you a chance to start life over again, working on my farm.

Jim: I don't want to start life over again. I like it the way it is.

Mrs. Rogers: You can't. You're going to work—out on my farm.

Mrs. Smith: Come to my farm. There isn't much work and you'll be treated like one of the family.

Mrs. Howell: Hmmph, after the way the Smiths treat some of their family, I'd rather be treated like a stranger.

Mrs. Smith: Twasn't our fault if Cousin Charlie ran away with an Indian girl.

Mrs. Howell: I wasn't thinking of him. In fact, I never heard about him before. I meant your old Aunt Lucy who had to take in washing.

Mrs. Smith: She didn't have to . . . She enjoyed it . . . It was fun for her . . .

Mrs. Rogers: Funny way to show her enjoyment. I've heard her cuss every separate piece she hung on the line.

Mrs. Howell: Come on, Jim, we've wasted enough time. Got to get back and get the chores done.

Jim: (*momentarily cowed*) Yes, mam. (*He starts to follow her. The other two run after him and grab him by the arms.*)

Mrs. Smith: You're not going with her. She'll work you to death.

Mrs. Rogers: You ought to have some of my cottage cheese before you decide.

Mrs. Atwell: Now, girls, you're not getting anywhere this way. Why don't you be reasonable about him? Settle this thing peaceably?

Mrs. Howell: How about a raffle? We'll each take numbers on him, and the lucky number gets him.

Mrs. Smith: I don't approve of gambling.

Mrs. Rogers: We could draw straws for him.

Mrs. Smith: That's still gambling.

Mrs. Atwell: Why don't you let him decide for himself?

Mrs. Rogers: Shhh, he doesn't want to work for anyone. If you gave him his choice, he'd walk right out the door and keep on going.

Mrs. Atwell: He's got a right to, you know. It's a free country.

Mrs. Smith: You be quiet or you'll spoil it all.

Mrs. Atwell: Why don't you have him help first one and then another of you? Wouldn't that be fair?

Mrs. Rogers: There's too much work on each of the farms for that.

Mrs. Howell: Taking numbers is the best idea.

Mrs. Smith: All right. I still don't approve of gambling, but I guess sometimes you have to take a chance.

Mrs. Howell: Of course, you won't win, because you don't believe in luck.

Mrs. Smith: I've got just as good a chance as you.

Mrs. Atwell: I'll write down the numbers on pieces of paper and you can each draw one. High number wins.

(*She arranges slips of paper in a bowl and the women are about to draw, Mrs. Smith with a firm clutch on Jim's coat, when Sally enters.*)

Sally: Hello, everybody. What's going on? Oh, goody, you're drawing numbers. What for? Can I play?

Mrs. Smith: (*aside to Mrs. Rogers*) Don't tell her what we're doing. She's working three hundred acres of her pa's all alone and she'd grab him quicker than scat; hang on to him, too, even if she had to marry him to keep him.

Mrs. Rogers: (*brightly*) Just something we're practicing for the Ladies' Aid. You woldn't be interested, Sally.

Sally: Oh, well, Mrs. Atwell, I'd like some groceries. (*The three women cluster around the bowl at one end of the counter as Mrs. Atwell waits on Sally. Jim unnoticed moves away a few steps. Sally comes over to him.*)

Sally: My it seems strange to see a man around here. Especially a man like you. What are you, a tax-collector or something?

Jim: No, miss. I'm just passing through.

Sally: Oh, you aren't going anywhere in particular? That's interesting. How would you like to come out to my farm for a while? I need a good man for a chauffeur.

(*Mrs. Atwell, listening, mutters.*)

Mrs. Atwell: Chauffeur for a gangplow! I know her . . .

Sally: A square of bacon, and four cans of beans, Mrs. Atwell. Put it on my bill. You (*to Jim*) can carry the things out to the car.

Mrs. Atwell: Everyone got their numbers?

Mrs. Smith: Thirteen!

Mrs. Howell: Five!

Mrs. Rogers: My number is—(*breaks off as she sees Jim walking away.*) There goes the prize!

(*Jim runs offstage with the women at his heels. All of them back on stage again as they encounter Bill Bogert just entering.*)

Bill: Good morning, ladies. What's this, a game of follow the leader?

Mrs. Atwell: Good morning, Mr. Bogert. Yes, we've got quite a mix-up here.

Bill: What's this man doing here? Hey, Joe, where do you work? Where's your badge?

Jim: I don't work anywhere. I don't like to work.

Bill: I know all about that. I got two shifts of joes that don't like to work now. Climb in the back of that truck out there and I'll take you where you'll get company. How does ninety a week sound to you?

Jim: Sounds good, but . . .

Bill: Okay. Come on, Joe. Good-bye, ladies. Thanks for getting me another good man.

(*They go out, leaving the women looking after them.*)

Mrs. Atwell: At least, that Sally didn't get him. She would have, you know.

Mrs. Rogers: And my number was seventeen. I won.

Mrs. Smith: (*crossing to look out door*) There goes our hired man, girls! Wait a minute . . . wait . . . I can't believe it, but it looks like . . . it can't be . . . look, Lil, do you see what I see?

Mrs. Rogers: (*crosses to look*) It looks like another man! It is! Coming this way!

Mrs. Smith: (*confidently*) This one won't get away.

(*They hastily attempt to look calm and collected and they are waiting eagerly as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Cornell Homemaker



Dean Sarah Gibson Blanding

Instead of the regular two 15-week terms this year the College of Home Economics will have three 15-week terms, Dean Sarah Gibson Blanding announced at a mass meeting for home ec students recently.

The government needs trained home economists now. Because our country wants women as dietitians for the armed forces and industry, as child care specialists for nursery and public schools, and as workers in industry the State Board of Regents urges that all women's colleges accelerate.

According to Miss Blanding, "Because the College feels that it is its duty to turn out as many well trained home economists in as short a time as possible, it will carry on its program through next summer."

Attending summer term at college will not be compulsory for students, and teachers will volunteer their services; but the College can only afford to offer the regular fall term courses in July and February. Next fall, second semester courses will be offered.

Under the new program for acceleration the terms may run from February to May 24, from July to October, and October to February. New York State residents will not pay tuition fees, and other costs will be the same as usual; the functions of dormitories, health, and other University services, including part-time employment and student loans, will operate as usual. Students may also take popular courses in other colleges of the University.

Through acceleration juniors this year will be graduated next February. The College feels that students, by getting out earlier will be able to give better, more worthwhile service to their country sooner. Then, too, they will probably make more money for themselves in the long run, than if they worked only a few months this summer and then came back to college.

Wartimes At Home Week

With its time cut short, and its outside speakers unable to come, because of housing and transportation difficulties, Farm and Home Week has a "homey" touch this year.

Instead of outside help, the College of Home Economics own staff members present most of the demonstration, lectures, and exhibits, and as usual college co-eds help.

Highlighted on the Homemakers' Program are two symposiums; one on "Feeding the Family in Wartime," led by Miss Helen Monsch, head of the department of foods and nutrition; and the other, "How Can We Organize the World For Peace?", a student symposium led by Prof. C. W. deKiewiet, of the department of history.

Theme Is Conservation

Stressing conservation in all its phases, staff members follow closely the College's program of teaching in wartime. Included on the program are talks and exhibits on meat substitutes, dehydrated foods, weight control, the importance of poultry and cereals in the diet, saving and using fats in cooking, and planning and preparing good family meals.

Mrs. Clara Gebbard Snyder, of the Wheat Flour Institute, demonstrates the uses of enriched flour; and Beth McLean, of Swift and Company, gives a demonstration on "How To Make The Most of Meat."

Mending, relining coats, using scraps of material, making old clothes into new and adjusting sewing machines, are demonstrated by the textiles and clothing department in order to show how to make the best possible use of available materials in wartime. Exhibited are clothes made by students and a fashion show of old and new wedding gowns, maternity dresses, and baby clothes.

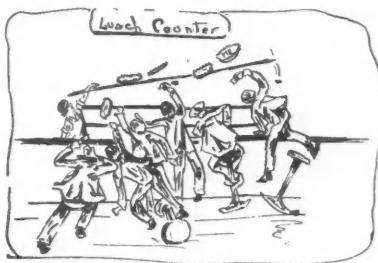
The Nursery School is open for observation in the family life department, and there are exhi-

bits of childrens books and games, as well as ways to economize by making children's playthings at home.

Saving the homemakers' time, energy, and household equipment is emphasized by the economics of the household department; while the household arts department stresses stamping out the "seventh column" or "home accidents." On its program are talks and exhibits on the results of careful and careless housekeeping, and how to correct unsafe conditions that cause fire and accidents at home.

Still another interesting exhibit is one called "Home Play in Wartime" in which William M. Smith, Jr. shows possibilities for family and neighborhood recreation needed in time of war especially.

As if to round out the Homemakers' Program Mrs. Lemo Rockwood, of the family life department, will give a talk on "Marriage in Wartime"; and Anne Kuhn is speaking on "Morale Builders in Family Life."



Letter Home

Dear Mom,

Gad, but it's cold! It's nice to think of the days when we used to sweat—but pardon me, Jim says, "only horses sweat, men perspire, and ladies glow!" Oh, to glow!

Anyway, we have a system for keeping our feet warm in bed by putting a small feather pillow over them at night. It keeps out the cold air, and can be kicked off when our toes get warm. Wish I had some of your nice white outing flannel sheets and pillow cases.

Life has been hectic of late. When finals were finished, we were wrecked. But the University broke down its ban on houseparties in wartime and let us have Victory weekend January 29-February 1. Since we weren't having classes anyway, it woudn't hurt our work, and it certainly uplifted morale. We revived, and how! Highlights of the wonderful weekend were sleigh rides, fraternity formals, the Glee Club's show "V's in Our Bonnet",

Cornell Homemaker

and Bobby Sherwood playing at the Victory Ball in Barton Hall.

Home Ec Club had its annual St. Agnes Eve dance—you know, that evening Keats wrote poetry about, when maidens may not eat anything but a hardboiled egg. Then they go to bed and dream (do you wonder?) of the man they will marry. I ain't talkin'—but I can dream, can't I?

Then Farm and Home Week landed on us. It was only three days this year, but it kept us out of classes—so even though we worked on it like dogs, we had a swell time.

You ask if we ever think about classes. O.K. Mom. In fact we learned some very delicious things in foods lab I must tell you about.

Though you can't buy whipped cream now, you can still serve it. How? Listen a bit while I whisper some secrets. Whip water softened gelatin or flour with top milk. Whip *chilled* evaporated milk! If you don't like the taste, add a few drops of lemon juice or other strong flavoring, and serve it on gingerbread or make ice cream. (Hot gingerbread is nice, too, sliced through the middle and filled with applesauce.)

Imitation vanilla flavoring, by the way, more common now because the raw products for pure extracts are hard to get, have a stronger flavor than pure extracts and have less tendency to cook away because they contain less alcohol,—so go easy on the amount of imitation flavoring you use.

Here are some ideas for the kid brother's lunch box. Peanut butter gets along well with chopped green pepper and celery; with honey; raisins, nuts, and boys. If you add a little lemon juice to it, it won't stick to the roof of the mouth.

Doughnuts split and spread with well-mixed cranberry sauce and cream cheese; or split, toasted, and served with marmalade, honey or soft maple sugar melt in your mouth.

By the by, do you realize our Cornell basketball team beat Yale? We'd better not discuss any more.

Yours, Carol.



DOROTHY COTHRAN '43

Tiny, bright-eyed soloist of the Women's Glee Club is Dotty Cothran. In her home town in Gasport, she took enough 4-H work to become interested in home economics, although she claims she knew absolutely nothing about home ec before she entered Martha Van's halls in 1939. Coming to Cornell is a Cothran tradition. Dotty has been preceded by three sisters and will probably be followed by her younger brother. But Dotty had another reason for choosing Cornell, and that was Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dudley, former directors of Glee Clubs, under whom she wished to study.

Since then Dotty has climbed. She has been soloist of the Glee Club and the Presbyteron Choir ever since freshman year. In her sophomore year she was elected secretary of Glee Club, and is now its president. In 1940 she sang with the Cornell Musical Clubs at the Alumni concert in Elmira, and again at Buffalo in 1941. She is also a member of Arete sorority and has worked with the Willard Straight Music committee. Probably her biggest thrill came last summer when she represented Cornell on the Fred Allen radio program.

Dotty has often wished that she had a chance to tell the frosh some of the things she has learned in four years of college. Marks mean more than they seem at first, she says. When it comes to looking for a job, a record of good marks behind you helps give security and confidence. But it's the discovery

of a way of living that is really most important.

Voice is Dotty's biggest interest. She has studied with Mrs. Dudley for four years and intends to continue her study after graduation. "Music keeps up your morale," she says. "Singing in groups increases the tendency to sing when you're alone, and that's uplifting." Dotty also plays piano, swims, reads fiction and biography, and does some dramatics occasionally.

After studying voice a few more years, Dotty hopes to go on to a concert stage or operatic career. Here's another Cornellian headed for fame and glory!

Co-eds Contest In Speeches

A special feature of Farm and Home Week this year is the annual public speaking contest sponsored by the Home Economics Club. The event takes place in the auditorium of Martha Van Rensselaer Hall on February 3, at 4 p. m.

Final speakers are women in the College of Home Economics who have successfully competed in the elimination contest held on December 15. Speeches were judged on content, organization, clarity, and delivery. A first prize of \$100 and a second prize of \$25 will be awarded the winners.

Speaking on "any subject of interest to women today," the contestants and their topics of discussion are as follows: Miss Alice Chamberlain '43, "Faith Above All"; Miss Eloise Clor '43, "Feeding the Family in Wartime"; Miss Laurel DuBois '44, "Nursery Schools for Children of Working Mothers"; Mrs. Barbara Naylor '44, "How Can We Prevent Inflation—Today and Tomorrow?"; Miss Rita Schoff '45, "Where Will I Enlist?"; and Miss May Zipperman '45, "Your Home of Tomorrow." Miss Alice Errig '46 acted as alternate.

The Home Economics Public Speaking Stage first came into being two years ago when an anonymous donor offered prizes of \$100 and \$25 to encourage Home Ec girls to try their ability at public speaking, for that donor believed, that "college women should learn to express their ideas in public with ease and conviction."

February, 1943

The Cornell Countryman

Dear Jim . . .

MAYBE I can hitch myself up on one elbow long enough to say howdy, soldier. Finals are over, (gasp, gasp) but Farm and Home Week is looming around the corner.

I hope you will be able to stand this change of correspondents. Taking Dud's place will be pretty tough but I'll do my best. I still have a bone to pick with him about that black-out crack. Maybe it's just as well that he's safely tied to some sergeant's apron strings in Georgia. Gosh maybe you two will get together yet.

It doesn't seem possible that Christmas vacation was only a month ago. I've been through an eternity of prelims, finals, term papers and reports since then. It really was a "white Christmas" for our house president, she got her diamond on New Year's Eve. We just about collapsed when she walked in that night and told us.

HOME Ec is in one mad scramble. You know that Farm and Home Week is only going to be three days this year. Monday, February 1, we all help set up exhibits and then tear them down on Friday. I've signed up for three corking exhibits. One is on home-

made play materials for young children. It will give me a chance to prove to myself that I did know what I was doing when I picked nursery school teaching for a profession. I'm going to help Bill Smith in demonstrating home play in war time, which will be an experience in itself. Then I've picked out an exhibit that shows how to give household equipment a longer life. It's all Greek to me, so it should be fun. I love Farm and Home week anyway. This may sound silly but when some lost mother comes up to me and asks her way to the nursery school and I tell her it will make me feel pretty worth while. I'll wager that a good percentage of the Home Ec students first got the idea of coming to Cornell from their mothers and fathers who had attended Farm and Home Week.

But then you would never understand a poor Home Ec point of view anyway, would you?

Did Dud tell you about his arrival in the fair city of Atlanta? He was getting out of a cab at the station and had a hand full of change to pay the cabby, when who should he see approaching but the first lui. His hand flew up in a smart salute and the change went flying

all over the street. Dud spent a good half hour trying to collect enough to pay the cabby and he still lost half a dollar on the deal. Military courtesy really hurts sometimes, doesn't it?

VICTORY Weekend has come and gone, and most of the men with it. It really was a grand send-off with Bobby Sherwood's music for the Victory Ball, and the Dramatic Club-Glee Club production, "V's in Our Bonnet." W.S.G.A. finally relented and gave the coeds special permission for the two nights and the faculty committee approved houseparties for that weekend. It will probably be a long time before Cornell sees another such weekend.

Our chaperone just came bounding up the stairs—her husband won the Distinguished Flying Medal somewhere in Africa. It really brings the war home.

My typewriter is groaning its complaints—I've used it continually since the new year and it thinks it deserves a rest. "After all, do you have to write your letters on me too?" So I'll close for now—oh, a Happy New Year!

As ever,
Red

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Former Student Notes

'12

Edwin P. Smith, first farm bureau agent in Chenango County, has been appointed to the board of education in Sherburne. Smith owns and operates ten farms which total 1200 acres. His daughter, Leah H. Smith, has enrolled in the College of Home Economics as a freshman.

'15

Arthur W. Wilson is a publisher's representative at 572 Madison Avenue, New York City. He lives in Westport, Conn., on Dogwood Lane.

Major Daniel P. Morse, US Army Air Corps, is once again in the service of Uncle Sam, stationed at a southern field. The Major won a citation and three overseas stripes in World War I. He was C.O. of the 50th Aero Squadron which was credited with finding the Lost Battalion in the Argonne. His son, John H. I. Morse '44, is following in his Dad's footsteps. He's soon to be called for Army pilot training.

'16

Albert H. Main has added flavor to his life by working in the spice department of Durkee Famous Foods, Elmhurst.

'27

It certainly is a small world! Two brothers were stationed at Camp Gruber, Okla., and did not know it until their mother told them in a letter. The two "doughboys" were Leo R. Blanding '27 and Morris L. Blanding '36. The confusion came because Leo left from Springfield, Mass., Morris from New York City.

Mrs. Donald Gardner is a defense worker, manager of a cafeteria for the "Eclipse Aviation" plant in East Orange, N. J.

'28

Research in nutrition is the field of Annabel L. Merrill, working at the Beltsville Research Center, Md.



'32

Slava Malec has the honor of being the first dietitian at the Station



Hospital, Fort Hamilton, New York. She has charge of the patients' special diets there.

Mrs. Walter Fleischer, formerly Cornelia Gaskill, who received her MD degree at Cornell in '37, is in the WAVES at Bethesda Hospital, Bethesda, Md.

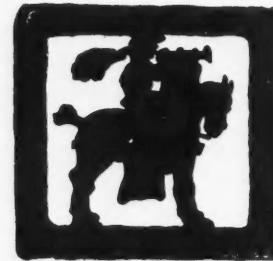
William L. Chapel of the US Army was recently promoted to major. He has just recovered from a battle with pneumonia and is now personnel officer (A-1) of the aviation training school at Meridian, Miss.

'33

With the TVA is L. Stanley Green, living at Box 227, Blue Ridge, Ga.

'34

Lieutenant John W. Duffield has a son, Edward Warren, born December 23. Their home is at Frost Lane & Oakwood Drive, Peekskill. John is still at Camp Tyson, Tenn.



Margaret Stillman Deitrich is already making plans for her eleven-months-old daughter Mary Margaret. In Mom's own words she is "one more prospective Domcon."

'35

Margaret Robinson is the happy possessor of a master's degree in Student Personnel Administration, which she earned at Columbia University.

Mary Steinman is wearing the uniform of the WAAC's.

'36

Dorothy M. Greey is teaching home economics at Michigan State College.

John E. Wurst was recently promoted to Captain, F.A. Even though he applied for active service he was returned to ROTC duty at St. Bonaventure College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y., where he has been stationed for the past year. He spent 4 weeks this summer taking a refresher course at Fort Sill, Okla.

Former Student Notes

John H. Scank is at the Nevy Section Base, Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

Mrs. Callie Smith is the director of personnel at the Baltimore Quartermaster Center.

At a defense plant in Little Falls, N. Y. is Mrs. James B. Chubbuck, the former Katrina Tanzer. She is the WCA assistant.

'37

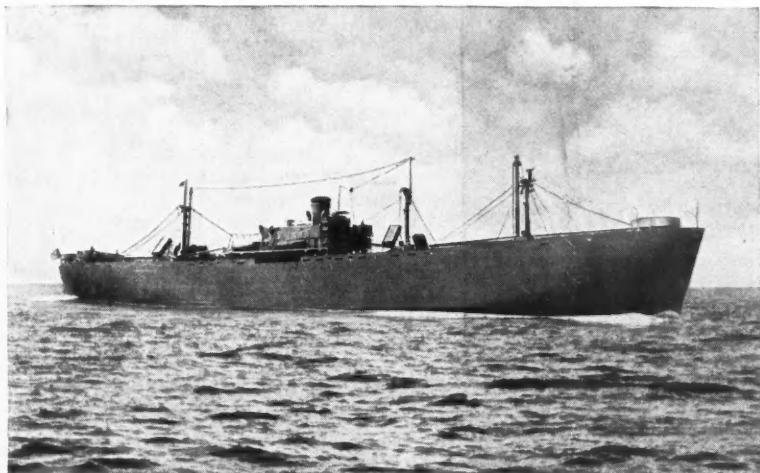
Frances L. Spano of Cortland is now Mrs. Cecil H. Patterson. She is a nutritionist at the Samuel J. Fels Foundation in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Bertha Katwica is the dietitian in the Pentagon Building, the huge new war building in Washington, D. C.

Martha J. Schwartz holds the position of assistant home demonstration agent for Suffolk County.

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Tribute to a Pioneer



and the American Idea

With the launching of the Liberty ship, "John Deere," the United States Maritime Commission pays tribute to one of America's pioneers in agricultural achievement.

"It is fitting that this honor be bestowed on the man whose vision and foresight, one hundred and six years ago, gave to the world the steel plow and founded the organization which bears his name."

The S. S. "John Deere," launched months ahead of schedule, is a typical product of the ingenuity and freedom of enterprise which are cornerstones in the American economy. We of the John Deere organization like to believe that our founder, himself a man whose ruling pride lay in a job well done, would derive a greater satisfaction from the speed and efficiency of American production than from the personal tribute paid him.

DEERE & COMPANY,
Moline, Illinois

It was wedding bells for Arthur Burdin and Lena Hunt '44 on Saturday, November 28 in the First Baptist Church in Interlaken, New York. Art has been farming with his father in Lodi since graduation and the married couple plan to make that their home after their honeymoon in New York City. Lena is a Home Ec girl, a good cook too. Lucky Art!

Mary E. Dickson, whom we mentioned last month as a second lieutenant in the WAAC's at Fort Des Moines, is now first mess officer at Daytona Beach, Florida, in the Oscela Hotel.

Ensign Dr. Robert C. Hickey, USNR, is completing his internship at the University Hospital, Iowa City, Iowa.

Donald H. Dewey is a junior
olericulturist at the Cheyenne,
Wyoming, Horticultural Field Sta-
tion while waiting for orders from
the US Army. Dewey obtained this
position through Civil Service ap-
pointment, USDA, Bureau of Plant
Industry.

In Canada is Peter Kendzior. He is managing the sergeants' mess kitchen at a Royal Canadian Air Force Field.

Harriet S. Smith has been appointed home demonstration agent-at-large in Elmira.

Katherine Duroe is a defense worker in a plant at Norwich, N. Y.

'40

Luba Lomish is a dietitian in the air school at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Betty Bain announces her coming marriage to Captain George A. Bowman, who is stationed at Camp Sutton, Monroe, N. C.

Margaret Speigel reports that she is working temporarily on a farm and is getting keen enjoyment out of it. She picked 300 pounds of beans in 8 hours. We need more workers like Margaret.

From Guadalcanal come reports that Lieutenant Robert J. Bear, USNR, is credited with destroying a Japanese destroyer in the Solomon Islands battle. Bear was also active in the fighting on Midway Island. He was commissioned at Pensacola, Fla., in February, 1941, a year after enlisting in the Marine aviation service.

NEWLY-IMPROVED B E A C O N

Chick Starter...

**"GROWS THEM FAST
Enough to Keep
Ahead of Trouble!"**

... says this Prominent
Leghorn Breeder

Charles H. Weidner, of Hickoryhill Farm, West Shokan, N. Y., makes an enthusiastic report of his successful feeding program with Beacon Starting Ration and Growing Mashes. Mr. Weidner says in part—"I am happy to be able to say that Beacon Feeds have proved satisfactory all the way through the chick rearing season. The crucial test, to my way of thinking, of any starting feed, comes when one attempts to rear June chicks in this climate and particular locality. If one can bring these late-hatched chicks through amidst the extreme temperature changes—the periods of high humidity—the prevalence of coccidiosis—everything in the management program must be right."

Why not follow Mr. Weidner's success with your chicks? Start them out this year *right* from the beginning . . . put them on Beacon Complete Starting Ration! It's the high protein, high vitamin feed that's better than ever before!

This Beacon feed now offers a greater stabilization of Vitamin A. You'll find it's as perfect a feed as our years of experience and research enable us to produce . . . that it will help you get fast, well-balanced, growth, excellent pigmentation and feathering . . . that Beacon Starting Ration is a *complete* feeding program for the first six weeks, and needs only grit and water as supplement. For complete details see your local Beacon Dealer today!

ORDER EARLY

You may not be able to get Beacon Feeds. The number of new customers your Beacon Dealer can supply is sharply limited . . . so don't wait! Our feeds are sold in New York, New England, Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula, New Jersey, and Virginia.

THE BEACON MILLING CO., INC.
Cayuga, New York



THE
BEACON
System

Mr. Weidner is shown inspecting the wing band of a 5-month old bird.

'41

George G. Laties obtained his MS at the University of Minnesota and is working at the University of California for his Ph.D. in plant physiology.

Kennedy Randall Jr. of Staten Island married Katharine Louise Rogers '43 of Westfield, New Jersey.

John H. Osborn, whose engagement to Elaine Seeger we announced last month, is serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Elaine is teaching home economics at Katonah High School.

'42

Ruth E. Gould is dietitian in a girls' dormitory at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. She is also doing graduate work there.

Another dietitian is Renee Dick who works in the War Building at Washington, D. C.

Winifred Burns is here on campus as assistant dietitian at the Navy mess hall.

Mrs. Samuel Painter, Lorraine Kuhn, is a dietitian at the Wright Aeronautical Plant in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Are all the class of '42 dietitians? Here are four more.

Barbara Jean Arthur is in the Washington Junior High School at Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

Kathryn Fiske is in the Jacobs Aircraft Plant, Pottstown, Pa.

Laura Fredericks is at the YWCA Corner Cupboard Tea Room in Hartford, Conn.

Irene McCarthy is working in the girls' division of Brown University, Rhode Island.

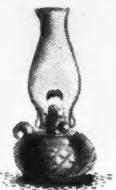
In institution management are Edith Shefford and Frances Harrington. Edith is at Purdue University and Frances is in the Grace E. Smith Cafeteria, Toledo, Ohio.

Virginia Allen is now doing the work she talked of and dreamed of all through her undergraduate years. She is an assistant home Bureau agent in Erie County. Letters catch Ginny at 5 Edison Terrace, Ilion, N. Y.

Virginia Downs is a high school teacher in Millbrook Memorial High School.

Shirley Lois Paddock liked Ithaca so well during her college years that she is staying on in the public library here, besides being married to a senior in the vet school.

Gladys McKeever is staying in the Home Economics college as an assistant in Economics of the Household. She teaches one unit in freshman orientation.



This light must not fail

How hollow would be our victory if this light, and others like it, were to go out, one

by one all over America, not to be rekindled in our generation! Where would we grope in that darkness to find our security, our freedom and our happiness? The urge of patriotism may seem to beckon to the fields of battle but the farmer—and his capable partner, the farmer's wife—who keep right on farming day after day when the love of country turns heart and thought toward the stirring action of the firing line—that man and that woman are patriots, staunch and true, doing their duty to their country

with steadfast devotion. America needs straight thinking. America needs its solid foundation—the agriculture on which its greatness rests. The eyes of the nation are turned toward the light that shines from the farms of America. This light must not fail!

★ ★ ★

DeKalb's whole research effort through the years has been directed toward helping the farmer. Now more than ever, DeKalb and its many dealers want to be of even greater service to the farmer in accomplishing his grave duty—not only by making available every possible bushel of DeKalb Hybrid seed, but by offering every possible service in seeing that this seed is placed where best adapted to local growing conditions and that it produces the most corn per acre of ground. Let DeKalb help you.

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30
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McCORMICK-DEERING
Farm Equipment Service—
the Best There Is!

Every farmer displaying this "Pledged to Victory" sign at his farm gate has the satisfaction of knowing that when the rush comes his equipment will be ready.

REPAIR • CONSERVE • TURN IN YOUR SCRAP

FARMERS who own McCormick-Deering Tractors and Farm Machines bought that equipment with the knowledge that they were *getting the best*.

What a satisfaction it is for them to know that McCormick-Deering SERVICE, too, is *the best there is!* The International Harvester dealer is the man qualified by long experience to make this good equipment last for the duration.

It's an unbeatable combination—quality-built, dependable, long-lasting McCormick-Deering Farm Equipment and quality McCormick-Deering Service to back it up.

Be sure that the equipment on your farm is in the best of shape for the year ahead. Pledge it to Victory, take care of it, make it do.

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